THE PAPALOI.

BY L. MANUS.

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Moreau St. Mery has left us a striking picture of the state of Hayti toward the close of the last century. The French planters were proud, inxurious and inconceivably cruel to their siaves, who, as a rule, were ignorant, brutal and licentious, and secretly observed the superstitions which they or their lathers had learnt on the Congo. Their only mode of retailation for the cruelties practised on them by their masters was a recourse to that secret vengance which has so often startled, and dismayed the white proprietors in the West Indies. This was obtained through the knowledge of their fetich men of the properties of various plants, so that by certain preparations the knowledge of their fetich men of the properties of various plants, so that by certain preparations they could inhict madness, paralysis or death on such persons as they had marked as their victums.

In the year 1785 the island was thrown into a state of confusion by the hopes inspired in the minds of the colonists and the necroes by the news of the revolution in France; and, full of the belief in the speedy overthrow of the whites, a large body of blacks had fled to the monatains, where, under the leadership of a negro named Oge, they threatened to poar down into the plains and exterminate the colonists. The latter were divided into two parties, and were either ardent in their professions of loyatty, or anxious to profit by the difficulties of the mother country and establish the independence of the island. Under such a condition of things law and order were already subverted, and the secret sect of the Vaudoux (a hideous worship of which cannualism formed a part of the rites) began to show itself more openly among the shaves, and young nearo girls and children were frequently stolen, to be killed and exten by the priests for Papalois, as they were called and their followers.

One of the richest colonists in the Island at that time was a M. Levassear, who, with his son and daughter, lived in a handsome manison in the Cul

to me."
The girl rose. "I must speak to this slave," she The girl rose. "I must speak to this slave," she said turning to her guests, and, taking the boy's hand in hers, crossed the room and stepped out on the verandah. From thence they passed into the garden, where they found the negro standing on the sward with a look of mingled fear and cunning

on his face.
"What is this, François?" she said, while the wilful boy ran up to the man and struck him, exclaiming as he did so, "Look, Adele, see the stone. Tell him to give it to me, or that he shall be found."

Tell him to give it to me, or that he shall be flogged."

"Give it to your young master at once," she said authoritatively.

The negro hesitated. "It is not mine, Mademoiseile," he answered in his Creole French. "or M. Florian should have it. It belongs to the freedman Antoine." Adele paused for a minute. The man whom Francois had mentioned was a negro much disliked by the planters in the neighborhood; of whom they entertained strong and probably very just suspicions that he was only waiting for a suitable moment to stir up the negroes on the estates to murder their masters and join the guerallas under Oge's command. He had been brought over from Africa when a boy and was the son of a fetich man on the Congo. He had managed to obtain his freedom at an early age, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he was supposed to know his father's secrets.

"You can give this money to Antoine," said Adele after a brief reflection. "And it will then be well for you never to speak to him again. You know my father has forbidden all his slaves to have any intercourse with this man. Florian, you can take the stone."

"He is the fetich man," she said in a tremulous whisper, "and her can give scanda" (poison or incantation). "Let 'tit mait'e" (little master) "give it back."

"Husb, mamma! If Pere Eustace heard you he would have you flogged. You know that fetich men worship the devil, and we do not let them live in our blanch.

worship the devil, and wo do our island."

Then, with a kind smile, and drawing her hand gently from the old woman's clasp, the girl turned away, and presently rejoined her guests. Her brother meanwhile continued lite play with the stone, which, like all spoil tchildren who have got their way, he soon began to regard with less interest. It was evidently the head of some rude axe, and as it had probably been brought from Africa it would naturally be looked upon with yenceting the negroes.

there was, he soon began to record with lead their way, he soon began to record with lead their way, he soon began to record with lead their way, he soon began to record with lead their plates of the control of the soon of the days as the last of the soon of the days as the last of the last of their way, and the sound and the servants is the last of their way, and the last of the last of their way, and the last of their way, and the last of the last of their way, and were their way, and were their hand, and was the last of their way, and were their hand, and was the last of their way, and were their hand, and was the last of their way, and were their hand, and was the last the last of the victime of the last of the victime of the last of the last of the victime of the last of the victime of the last of the last of the victime of the last of the victime of the last of the last of the victime of the last of the victime of the last of the last of the victime of the last of the last of the victime of the last of the last of the last of the last of the victime of the last of the last of the last of the last of the l

"You were dreaming, mon cour," said the girl tenderly, but the child continued with vehemence:

"No, no; it was the zombis. I wasn't asleep—I was wide awake. And it came into the room and stood quite close by the bed; and it made faces at me like a monkey, and then shook its fist. So I cried to Cecila, and she came quickly to me, and when she saw the zombis she fell on her knees before it and I heard her say, "O Papaloi, do not hurt the child." And when she said that I screamed louder, and the zombis ran out of the reom."

As he spoke the negress drew near the bed, and, trembling, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, told them that little master had had a nightmare, for if any one had entered the room she must have seen it, unless, indeed, it was really a zombis, in which case it would be invisible to her, as none of her tribe were ever able to have any intercourse with devils or spirits. This rather confused explanation did not satisfy M. Levassenr, whose passion was now fully aroused by this second at tempt to frighten his child, and he ordered that Francois should be brought before him at an early hour the following morning. The harshest threats, however, failed to make the negro confess his supposed guilt, and the planter directed that he should be flogged again. Two of the most burdsleid of the slaves, who held some petty authority over the other negroes on the estate, carried ont this order, and the chastisement this time was so severe that Francois only lingered a few hours, and was hastly buried that night by his time was so severe that Francois only lingered a few hours, and was hastly buried that night by his time was so severe that Francois only lingered a few hours, and was hastly buried that night by his time was so levere that the condition of his life, so he solemnly summoned that master's children to follow him into the nether world.

By M. Lavassenr's command his death was hidden the conditions and her hysthes; but the slaves, which

avenged, and that as his master had thus cracily deprived bun of his life, so he solemnly summoned that master's children to follow him into the nether world.

By M. Lavassen's command his death was hidden from Adele and her brother; but the slaves whispered among themselves that his spirit had been seen by the aceies, and more than once by the glass door on the verandalt that led into Florian's room. These rumors were not allowed to reach the cars of their master or his children, but a circumstance which happened a fortnight after his death gave importance to the story.

It chanced that one afternoon Florian had strayed further than usual from his hope, for, as before remarked, the boy was under no control and did what he liked. The neat was fierce, and, not and thirsty, he wandered among the brilliant vegetation, and at last reached a wood which ran up the spur of the mountain; the shade and silence were intense, and, overcome with fatigue, the child sank down under a large mahogaut tree, deciding not to return to his home till the sun's rays were less powerful. He was in that haif-unconscious state which precedes sleep when, suddenly aware of some presence, he started up, and saw standing some distance off in the deep shade of the wood, half-hidden by the laxuriant undergrowth, a figure which he at once thought he recognized. It seemed to bocken to him, and, glad to meet one whom he knew, and who could pick him some of the tempting fruit that grew on many of the trees, he ran toward the spet where it stood. By the time, however, that he reached the place it had moved further away, but a basket such as the negroes used, full of hanamas, was under the tree, and Florian, concluding that he was invited to help himself, eagerly took up one of the fruit. When he had finished it he looked round for the figure. It had gene and the boy was noved to return to the mahogany tree, when his eyes caught sight of a negro doubt had by that time retired far up the mountain; therefore, taking the boy hefore him on the horse, h

Stories. The boy loosed with some astonishment at him.

"The near obsitated. "It is not mine. Made massed in his Creel French. "It is not mine. Made massed in his Creel French. "The hoy looked with some astonishment at him. of M. Florian should have it. It belongs to the freedman Anteine." Adele paused for a minute, from an whom Francois had mentioned was a negro men disliked by the planters in the neighborhood; of whom they cutertained strong and probably very just anspicious that he was only probably very just anspicious that he was only probably very just anspicious that he was only made in the following for a suitable mement to stir up the magroes on the estates to murder their masters and join the gerelas under Oge's command. He had look and the suitable mement to stir up the magroes of a fettle man on the Congo. He had man and to obtain his freedom at an early see, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he we wanted to obtain his freedom at an early see, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he we wanted to obtain his freedom at an early see, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he we wanted to obtain his freedom at an early see, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he we wanted to obtain his freedom at an early see, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he we wanted to obtain his freedom at an early see, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he we wanted to obtain his freedom at an early see, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he we wanted to obtain his freedom at a least the well of your probable of the probable he was rapidly breathing his last. The doctor whom the servants had thus hastily summoned was an ignorant, unskifful man, but it had been soon clear that not even the best medical advice could save the child's life. Appalled at the suddenness of the blow, and in an auguish of grief, the distracted father and daughter hastened toward the house, and in a few minutes were by Florian's bedside. All that the servants had sand was but too true, and the boy lay like one already dead in Cecile's arms. The doctor, who was still present, stated that he had had a sunstroke, and only replied by silence and a pitying glance to the father's agonized entreaties to do what he could to restore consciousness.

Adete flung herself by the child's side and wept in

Adeie thing herself by the child's side and wept in all the bitterness of a new and terrible serrow, while the negress wailed in a low, plaintive tone over her little charge whose young life was passing so swiftly away. 'I. Levasseur's grief took a less violent form, and he paced up and down the room speechless with sorrow, now and then pausing to cast a look of anguish upon his dying child. Shortly before 9 a. m. life was declared extinct, and the servants led their half-stupefied young mistress from the room.

It was noticed by some of the slaves as they helped the planter to place the child in his coffin that his limbs had none of the rigidity of death, and that his expression resembled that of one asleep; but their master's slient and terribic grief excited their fears, and not one amongst them felt that he dared venture to address him. The funeral took place that evening. But few people attended it, as the threatened insurrection of the blacks as well as the bitter feuds among the colonist them selves prevented many of the planters from paying that respect to M. Levasseur's child which the planter's position in the island would otherwise have demanded.

After the funeral was over Adele went into the backs and in a parayyan of anguish, flung

mistress's figure to the trees and flowering shrubs they passed, as if apprehending the presence of some sectet, watching enemy. The night air was laden with perfame from the crimson and white purple blossoms, and the branches of the fruit trees drooped under the weight of their golden and scarlet balls. Now and then some night-bird swung out from the foliage for a moment, and, hovering for a second above their heads, would vanish once more into the tangle of rich vegetation. Not a breath of wind stirred the air, and a deep stience pervaded the plain, which was broken only by the plaintive tones of the negreess's voice. The stars rained their silver light in a clear mellow flow over the scene, and every object was as distion. Not a breath of wind stirred the air, and a deep silence pervaded the plain, which was broken only by the plain ive tones of the negress's voice. The stars rained their silver light in a clear mellow flow your the scene, and every object was as distinct as if it had been day. Neither the woman nor the girl noised how the time passed, as led-one by a terrible fear, and the other by a strange, all nowerful influence—they hurried along in the silver light to the child's distant grave. It was probably half an hour since they had left the house, when at last they drew near the spot where Florian was buried. Overwhelmed by a fresh burst of grief, Addele hurried forward, but only to stop short with an exclamation of horror when a few feet from the grave. It was open; the clay was flung in a heap on one side, and the flowers and wreaths which the mourners had scattered upon it but a few hours before lay crushed and torn some distance off. A glance into the grave showed that the lid of the coffin had been removed, and that the coffin itself was empty. The child's body was gone, and no answer responded to the girl's wild ery as she looked helplessly from the open grave to the neighboring hills. Hastening to her side, Cecife once more adjored her witff tears not to remain a moment longer on the desecrated spot, but return that instant to her home. But with a gesture of impatience Atels onest from the negress's restraining hand, and, glancing again at the open grave, wept bitterly for a few minntes; then suddenly checking her tears, she stood in an attentive attitude tor a moment, as if listening to some sound. In a second more, as if in answer to some sound. In a second more, as if in answer to some sound on the minner side. The negress instantly followed, but the girl's motion was so rapid that in the windings of these lesses shot has now and then hidden from her view. Presently they entered a wood of pines and malogany trees, and in the gloom in which the way was soon enveloped she could only guess where Alele was as Adele, amazed and frightened at the strange spectacle, paused on the verge of the plateau. But before she could reach the top of the acclivity the dancing, gyrating crowd had drawn in its mad circles nearer and nearer to the girl, and as the negress sank terrified on the grass, the former was suddenly caught in its vortex and dragged into the wild dance. Hideous yells smote on Adele's ear, while her hands were grasped by some of the crowd; eyes, wild and larce, glared at her, and black repulsive faces hemmed her in on every side. She looked despairingly around for her gnide, but the form whose silent motions she had obeyed, and whom she had taken for Francois, but which perhaps her excled imagination had conjured up, had disappeared; and not one friendly face met her eye among the savages by whom she was surrounded. Half stunned by the sights and sounds, and by the rapid movement in which she was forced to join, she was swent on toward the grave of mangoes, where some more of the blacks were dancing round a hut. As the party whirled up a curtain before the hat was raised, and a nexto issued forth, wearing a blue girdle about his waist and a red hankerchief bound round his forehead. In an instant the wild gyrations ceased and the crowd was silent, as, raising his hand, he spoke:

"I, the Papaloi, the fetcheman of the Vaudoux, the sacted screent, will listen to my children. What do they want!"

A voice harsh and shrill, from the crowd cried,
"A sacrifice! a sacrifice!"

The Papaloi replied, "You have had it. We have slain the white cock. The sacred screent will give each one his desire."

"But," cried the voice again, "O Papaloi, remember that this is no time for a lattle feast. We go to light the whites! we go to join Oge! Give as something more."

"What more!"

The goat withent horns "(a human sacrifice).

Then, as if all heil had broken loose, hideous

"What more!"

"The goat without borns" (a human sacrifice).

Then, sa if all hell had broken loose, hideous rells rang through the air; the negroes leaped and shricked; a hundred discordant voices repeated wells rang through the air; the negroes leaped and shricked; a hundred discordant voices repeated the petition.

"The Vandoux grants your prayer," cried the priest, and tearing down the curtain before the last, pointed to the interior. A large wooden box, containing the sacred serpent, stood in the centre, upon which was bound the naked form of a white child.

"Ittering a pigreing shrick and with an energy

littering a piercing shriek, and with an energy born of horror and depair, Adele broke through the crowd, and, rushing past the priest, kneit beside the body. Yells and fierce exclamations, even more repulsive than before, followed her movement but for a minute she scarcely heard, them, as a cry of joy came from the child, whom she had believed dead. "Oh, Adele, take me aw y from the zombis," dead. "Oh, Adele, take me aw y from the zombis," he wept. Her agonizing ery of mingled fear and hope was drowned in the mad yells of the nearons, who rushed forward eager for their hideous cannibal feast to begin. The priest waved them back, and holding up in one hand a knife, and in the other a stone are which the child had so violently taken from Francois, and the recevery of which had cost the slave his life, he screamed forth, his eyes rolling wilding in their sockets. "The Vandoux has given you two gifts! Your feast shall be sweet tenight!" sprang toward brother and sister as he

given you two gifts! Your feast shall be sweet tonight!"

He sprang toward brother and sister as he
spoke; his knife gleaming above the boy's head.

"Jesu! hear! save!" cried the girl, flinging herself
seroes the child. "Kill me, wretched a save! not
him!" But two powerful mulattoes caught her
hands and dragged her savagely aside, and in a
moment more she saw the knife fall, and heard the
burst of ferocious joy which drowned her, brother's
cry. Then the human devils pressed up; shricks
and ravings as from the nether pit rang in her cars.
With a hellish glare in his eyes and hideous threats
dropping from his bloodstained lips, the priest
turned his knife toward her heart. But at that
moment up the mountain side came the rush of
feet; and, hurrying from the bridle path, breaking
from the shadows among the trees, wild-looking
armed men entered the plateau and mingled with
the crowd. Then a marmur like the low rushing of
wind passed through the frantic slaves, which
swelled almost instantly into loud cries of fear.
Oge's men had been defeated by the colonists, and
were now flying for their lives. The Papaloi and
the negroes who had come to attend the odious
feast joined in the panie, and, escaping from the
grove, left the victures of the Vandoux lying in the
hut. Cecile, who had hidden among the shrubs
when her instress was swept into the dance, creet
out from her shelter when the last of the votaries
had disappeared, and with trombling steps
approached the brother and sister. A deep wound
in the boy's breast told her that the priest's knife
had effectually dene its work, while a glance at
Adele's face showed that life there, too, was
extmet. The body was untouched, but horror had
done what the savage's hand had, by the arrival of
the defeated insurgents, been p evented from
accomplishing. Crooning forth a dirge in the
language of her tribe, the negress croached beside
the bodies till the glorious tropical morning broke
upon the scene, and the clash of the arms of the
victorious whites was heard, as they ascended

which appeared a few days later, and was written by one of the reporters after an interview with the superintendent. He says: "On entering the bird house Mr. Sprenger took his station on the opposite side of the building from that occupied by Polly, where the bird could not see him, and then exclaimed: 'Where's my Polly i' Immediately the bird recognized the voice of his former master, became excited, walking back and forth on his perch, showed as best he could, by voice and geature, that he wished to answer the question by saying, 'Here am I.' It was a clear case of instant recognition. Then Mr. Sprenger went to his pet, and the scene is described by Mr. Blown as the reunion of a parent and a child. The affectionate creature ran his bill through his old master's mousnehe in the attempt to kiss him, rubbed his head against his cheek, then kissed him again and nestled close to his old friend, as though he feared he might lose him again. Then Mr. Sprenger tested him in seme of his old friend, as though he feared he might lose him again. Then Mr. Sprenger tested him in seme of his old tricks to prove his memory, and they were performed with as much readiness as in former days. 'Polly, I have lost my pocketbook," said his old friend, aster having dropped it. Then Polty went in search of it, and soon brought it in his bill, and having dee oiled it in his friend's hand, expressed his leave of him, he was almost frantic with grief, and it was only with difficulty that his keeper prevented him from following the master he so affectionetely loved."

AUTUMN SONG. Know'at thou not the fail of the leaf How the heart feels a laugud grief Laid on it for a covering. And how steep seems a goodly thing In Autumn at the fail of the leaf!

And how the swift heat of the brain Falters because it is in vain.
In Automn at the fail of the leaf Khow'st thou not! and how the chief Of joy scens—not to suffer pain!

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Eound up at length for harvesting,
And how death seems a comely thing
In Autuum at the fall of the leaf!
—(D. G. ROSSETTI.

FATHER DAMIEN OF MOLOKAL

And so they have fold you, last, that only the folk of old were east by the Maker of men in the grand heroic mould:

That all men care for now is to grope and moil to get. The treasure the rust consumes and the secret moth doth fret;

That now we look to the ground, as then they looked to the sky— That now we look to the ground, as the sky— By all that is holy and true, it's a lie, boy, just a lie. Full many a tongue can tell how surely now as then There is noble witness borne to the life of Goldin me There are with us not a few of the good old here bree So true and strong and staunch for the doing of mi

deed.
No less than the deeds of yore we speak of through all the years.
Which stir us with passionate longing, and move us to holiest tears.

What is the gallantest deed ? You answer. The facing of

And so you are surely right; you know how the Christ He saith. No love is greater than this, that a man lay down his life— But how shall be lay it down! In the heart of the hotiest strile, to grapples with desperate strain in the deadly battle-breach. Where feeman with feeman is matched, strong-sinewed each and each t

pain.
One hopes, hopes on to the end, or is half content at least To eat of the falling crumbs, while others may share the

boat;
To sink in the bridgeless deep that a raft may safely Beat;
To prop the falling arch, if but for a minute's space;
To look on the fever-fiend, and even smile in his face.
Such things are common enough, and yet, men dare to say.
The olden spirit has gone, and the giory has passed away;
We are selfish, hard and cold! the many seeming such.
Have sprung to the stature of men when they only felt the touch.

the touch.

The needed touch on the quick that goaded and guided, And they walted not to think, but they aprang to dare and do.

thrilled, I know not when our souls with an awfuller joy were Than when we beard of his deed who, years back, went his way
Down into the Valley of Death, and warks in its shade
to-day.

ago; But not for such as these the healing hand to know; Only to linger on, till one fail to recognize That a human soul can dwell in such a borrible guise.

abi—
Do you think the atoutest heart could face it undismayed!
And more—to know full well its like will come to pass,
One's own clean body and sound shall be this hideous In the breast of the kindly earth, to hide from the eye of

He heard the call nor stayed: "My Masier, here am I!" His work was there, and he went to do his work and the Hope to the hopeless he bore, and the comfort that com-forteth To the hearts of the men who lay in the vale of the shade

teenth year, And the stroke has fallen at last, and the end it draweth llow the bleeding feet of the martyr Son of Man, The feet that fathomed and scaled, or ever their rest

won,
The awful abyss of Love, and its heights that know the sun.
EMILY H. HICKEY. ___

IN SPRING.

Ah! when the robins make melodious The twilight dusk, when scaly leaf buds swell, When mosses in the swamps grow living green, When downy catkins suit the willow well;

When golden warm the sunshine glows at noon, When earth its bounty Danne-like receives. When in the woods the Indian missodeed. Hangs its pink bells above the last year's leaves;

When blackbird concerts in the elm tree tops Foretell the summer's carnival of song, We'll smile and say, "Dear heart, the spring is here And after all, the winter was not long."

So will it be when, life's long Journey over, Its storms all braved, its thorny pathways trod, Some day of days, our eyes shall open On the fair city built and kept by God.

And gazing on its radiant spires and turrets, And listening to the burst of heavenly song
We'll smile and say: "Eternity is dawning.
And after all, dear heart, lite was not long."
—(MARY CARLISER.

A COUNTRY BREAKFAST IN ENGLAND.

Beakfast-room at Reautieu Manor. High wainsvot of old oak; walts papered in deep maroon; deep maroon damask window curtains, and maroon leather-seated chairs. Old oak fire-place; log fire in the grate; long breakfast table, hissing urn and leat things at one end, four covered silver dishes at the other containing cultets, suusages, pouched eggs, and curted food. In the middle and up the sides, plates of hot rolls in unpkins: a large dish of batter scrolls and bullets, a silver stand of bouled eggs, a glass dish of orange marnalade, and two racks of dry loast. On sideboard, cold ham, beef, game, and huge loaf of bread.

PEOPLE AT TABLE.

LADY BAR-DEXTER (the lady of the house) age thirty-flee, once pretty, now buson, with that burnt-fuxed, diminishing-cycl dook which the average high born British matron tuniess a "risky" gets in a few years after marriage, and is not so much the result of annual materialty as the eject of an unlimited consumption of brown stout at luncheon and brown sherry at dinner. THE HON Mrs. VILLIERS and Miss VILLIERS, mother and daughter. Mother, gray-haired, arched eyebrows, pale, thin and ley; daughter, thoroughbrid and shy. LADY VIOLET CROTTER, a "frisky"; pretty, bold, cold-

eyed, and horsey.
LORD HENRY NOIDLE, her brother.
CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE, of the Queen's Own Romburdiers.

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE, of the Queen's Own Rombardiers.

[Silence reigns. Enter your humble servant—whom we will call Mr. Thompson withlater, of Philadelphia. Both the men are reading their letters while they eat, the formopen envelopes littering the table and adjoining plates.]

MEN—Baw! (which I interpret as "Good morning.")

WOMEN—Ning! (which I ditto).

[I seat myself in one of g half-dozen vacant places amid ulter silence. After a pause.]

Lady Bar-Denter—Tea, Mr. Withapee!

Lady Bar-Denter—Tea, Mr. Withapee!

Lady Bar-Denter—there is your tea, Mr. Withapee.

[I am separated from her Ladyship by Novduz and Fitz-Rushibi, but neither offers to pass the cup.] Come and get it, please. [I his I discover to be the custom. Every one gets up and goes for his own tea. I go for my lea. I go back to my seat and wonder how I shall get something to eat. While I sip my tea and pussic about it:]

Lady Bar-Denter—The Hammonds come to-morrow, Captain Fitzrubbishe.

(Arthis Fitzrubbishe.

say-[to LADY VIOLET CROPPER, to whom he hasn't before

poken.]
LADT VIOLET—Helle!
LORD BASIL—Here's a lark. The Jones-Fieldings have meet at their shop next Tuesday.
LADT VIOLET—Never!

LADY VIOLET—Never!
[LORD BASIL tears open another letter with his thumb.]
CAPTAIN FITZURBRISHE—Really!
LADY BAR-DEXTER (to MISS VILLIERS)—There's to be a nunt-ball at Boskell next week.
MISS VILLIERS—Is there!

[Enter SIR JOHN BAR-DEXTRE, a bearded man of forty-five, and a bluff manner, also in hunting "pink."]

MEN-Baw!

Men-Baw!

Wohnsh-Ning.

Sir John (after helping himself in silence to some cold grouse from the sideboard)—Look sharp, Dumplinge. Ha' pas' nine, and eight miles to Tombridge Tun.

Lady Violet-Going to ride Vixie!

Lord Basti.—No fear.

[I have disposed of my sausage, and think I'll say something.]

thing:

L.-What a beautiful view there is from my room window, Lady Bar-Dexter.

LADY BAR-DEXTER—Oh, is there !

L-It is the finest woodland bit of scenery I can re-

1.—It is the finest woodshid bit of scenery real temember,
LADY BAR-DEXTER—Really. Is it!
I.—Yes It seemed like a reproduction of one of Wilkie's or Birket Foster's bost landscapes.
LADY BAR-DEXTER—Fancy:
[The other men look up and regard me curiously through
their ene-glasses. LADY VIOLET winks openly at DEMYLINGS, who draws down the corners of his mouth. I
feel sat upon, and subside.]
Sir John—Ought to have a rattling good run to-day.
My tea, please.
[And so on for half an hour longer, while three or four more
men come ir, and I sit and listen.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS AND DISCUSSION IN THE CHURCHES HERE AND THERE.

The Rev. Dr. Anson Smith, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman of Cleveland, in a letter to "The Evangelist" thus speaks of the Episcopal mission recently conducted in that city by the Rev. Dr. Vandewater, of Brooklyn: "So far as my health and engagements permitted I was a deeply interested attendant. Very little was said or done which could give offence to any little was said or done which could give oftence to any Christian, and the preaching was able, serious and practical to a very high degree. Dr. Vandewater has few equals, in my estimation, as a preacher of the Gospel. He was spiritual, and, so far as I had opportunity to judge, as orthodox as a Princetonian. Stand redemption were his themes, and Mr. Moody himself is not more pressing and pungent in urging the need of repentance and regeneration."

A great many Congregationalists who dislike contro versies are provoked with the Rev. Dr. Alden, the sec-retary of the A. B. C. F. M. for raising the question as to what has become of the souls of the heathen who died ages ago.

"The Latheran Visitor" tells this story to show how little average people know about the Lutheran Church. In 1883-the Luther memorial year-the wife of a Lutheran clergyman of Philadelphia called one day upon a lady who was a member of another church. Upon being taken to task in a frieadly way for not calling sconer she said that her time had been very much taken up with the celebration of Luther's birth-

much taken up with the celebration of day.

"Why, I did not know," promptly interposed the friend, "that you had a son named Luther,"

"Nor have I," responded the visitor, "I mean Martin Luther; the Reformer, you know."

"Oh, indeed! I had't heard. Have the Reformers got it at last! Well, I am glad of it. I think the Republicans have had it their own way long enough!"

Further attempt at explanation could only have been embarrassing, and so the blushing visitor changed the subject.

The desire for a liturgical service is rapidly growing among the Nonconformists of England.

In the Catholic Church of the United States ther are now one cardinal, 12 archbishops, 61 bishops, 7,658 priests, 1,530 ecclesiastical students, 6,910 churches, 3,281 chapels, 36 theological seminaries, 88 colleges, 593 academies, 485 charitable institutions, 2,697 parochial schools and 535,725 pupils in attendance at these schools. In the diocese of Boston there are 400,000 Catholics. And it is claimed that out of every cleven children born in Boston seven are Catholics. The archdiocese of New-York has 600,000 Catholics, while the Catholic population of Brooklyn is about 250,000. Most of the other dioceses show a similar relative strength; and yet Sadifer's Catholic Directory, from which the figures are taken, says that the Catholic Church in this country is only in her infancy. 7,658 priests, 1,530 ecclesiastical students, 6,910

The English Catholic Directory states that there are new 5, 20,000 Catholics in Great Britain and Ire-land. The Catholic population of Scotland alone is 350,000, there being 220,000 Catholies in the arch-diocess of Glasgow. The Catholic population of Eng-land is over 1,500,000. The Catholic population of the firitish Empire is more than 10,000,000. The total number of Roman Catholic bishops in the world is 1,187.

Saskatchewan and has accepted the position.

The extreme High Churchmen in the Episcop The extreme High Churchmen in the Episcopal Church are gradually introducing an eccleanational non-each active that would make sturdy Bishop Hobart open his even in astonishment, although in his day he was considered a ver, High Churchman. For instance, the clergy who live under a conventual rule are reterred to as "religious," the word being used as a plural substantive. The communion, of course, is "the Mass"; the shelf back of the altar is the "retable"; morning prayer is "matins," and so on. An ordination was held the other day in the Episcopal Cathedral of Chicago, and an account appeared in one of the daily papers evidently written by one acquainted with this new nonenclature. We are told that the ordination was held in the "Cathedral of SS. Feter and Faul," on the "Feast of Candlemas." The names of those who were "priested" were given, as also the name of the were given, as also the name of the were given, as also the name of the "senior priested" were given, as also the name of the "senior priested" were given, as also the name of the senior priested "were given, as also the name of the senior priested" were given, as also the name of the senior priested "were given, as also the name of the senior priested" were given, as also the name of the senior priested "were given, as also the name of the senior priested" were given, as also the name of the senior priested "were given, as also the name of the senior priested" were given, as also the name of the senior priested "were given, as also the name of the senior priested" were given to the presented them. were "priested" were given, as also the name of the "senior priost of the Deanery" who presented them. Then we are told that the bishop delivered his "allocution" from his "throne." The "litany and suffrages" was said by the "priest in charge of the Cathedral." The names of the "Gospeier" and "Epistoler" are given, and after the "clergy in choir" were "communicated" the lengthy "function" was ended. All this indicates a very stately service, but it is somewhat difficult to believe that the "sects" outside the Episcopal Church will ever bring themselves to learn and appreciate this strange language in case the dream of church unity is realized.

An English elergyman, the rector of St. Martin's-inthe-Fields, London, has had a large bulletin poard the-riches, London, has had a large obtained the rected in front of his church, on which he publishes for two Sundays shead the names of the preachers and any other facts that may be of interest to the general public. This plan has long been adopted by a number of Nonconformist churches in London, and it is said has added materially to the attendance.

"When the Congregational Club," says "The San Francisco Post," "opens its coffee houses for young men, to save them from the saloons, in addition to the men, to save them from the saloons, in addition to the signs, 'No smoking,' No billiards,' 'No cards,' 'No bowling,' one very large one should be hung in a consuication place announcing that no conversation louder than a whisper will be permitted in these balls of chastened p leasure. There is nothing which so disturbs the man who is solemnly meditating upon his fate after death as to have some rude and thoughtless person at his elhow burst forth in loud and angry criticism upon the quality of the coffee which he is consuming." "The Post" talks in this severe way because some of the brethren of the club wanted the coffee houses to be conducted something like prayer meetings. In an address before the Andover students last week the Rey, Mr. Puddatost said: "When you get

week, the Rev. Mr. Puddeteet said: "When you get ready to preach, don't hang round Boston for a supply, ready to preach, don't hang round Boston for a supply, a supply, a supply, but come out West, and we will give you a county as big as the State of Rhode Island for a parish; there's Abraham's call for you!" He described one place where he spent a Sabbath, and had to wait till evening before the communion service could be held, as the deacons were at work all day in the mines; "I tell you, out there we have to be practical, and take things as they are!"

BIG AND LITTLE DOGS.

New York Letter in The Baltimore Heratd.

Page reigned supreme for a long time, and are still among the laworite kinds of pets, but the great St. Bernards and mastiffs did, at least in New-York, for a time usure their place, and it was no uncommon thing to a see a slight, delicate girl followed along Fitth-ave, by one or more mastiffs big enough to swallow her at a mouthful.

"Miss Hewitt, a daughter of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, I believe," said a society man, "was responsible for introducing these huge animals as pets. It was a fashion that immediately became a craze, and every girl tried to get a bigger dog than her bosom friend."

get a bigger dog than her bosom friend."

ADAPTING THE WOMAN TO THE COSTUME.

I am amused to observe that an Italian authority writes of the four fushionable colors for this senson in quite a new vein. It would appear that the woman is to be adapted to the costume, instead of the costume to the wearer. For instance, "Gobelins, a greenish-musk color, to be accompanied by the silver hair, the serene eyes, and the delicately faded face of an oid lady. Sevres, a very delicate that of pale blue, slightly tinged with plak. This requires great freshness of complexion and smile, and, if possible, the soft clinging blonde cendre hair of the Siav woman. Chaudron, copper-color, with golden reflections, full of light, which will harmonize admirably with the pale brunette complexion and bine (i) eyes of a Southern woman. Verde estivo, an intense green, lighter than bottle green, full of sunlight this requires a wearer of the blonde Titianesque type, Joyous, forks, full of life; of such it is the glory and the apotheosis!"

such it is the glory and the apotheosis!"

Such it is the glory and the apotheosis!"

UTILIZING TIME ON SUBURBAN TRAINS.

I received a new illustration the other day of the benefits to be derived from an out of town residence. A young man of my acquantance while I stopy the and pussle about it.

LADY BAR-DENTER—The Hammonds come to-morrow, Captain Fitzrubushan.

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE—On! Do they!

LADY BAR-DENTER—They can only stay two nights, though.

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE—Really. Can't they.

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE—Really. Can't they.

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE—Really. Can't they.

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE—Really. Can't they.

MEN—Baw!

WOMEN—Ning!

IDUMPLINGE makes straight for the silver dishes, lifts the cover off each, and scrutinizes contents through eye-glass. Looks disappointed, but helps himself to a poached eigh and carries it to seal next me. Sits down on proceeding the proceeding of the silver which are in a pile beside his pilate. I take the tip and go and help myself to a sausage.]

LORD BASIL DUMPLINGE [with eyes on letter]—By Jove 1

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN LENDS A HAND, Washington Letter to The Casego Nece.

Senator Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, tells a story of Abraham Lincoln that was never printed before. He says: "When I was nioteen years of age I located in Chicago and began the practice of law. One of my first cases was in the United States court, which was presided over by Justice Mol.can of the United States Supreme Court and Judge Drummond of the Illinois circuit. The opposing counsed was Isaac N. Arnold, then at the head of the Chicago bar, who was subsequently a prominent Member of Congress, and the author of the first biography of Mr. Lincoln. I had filed a demurrer to Mr. Arnold's pleadings in the cause, and when the case was reached on the calendar I was quite nervous at having such a tormidable and experienced antagonist, while the dignity of the tribunal and the presence of a large number of lawyers in the court all aided to increase my timidity and embarrassment. I was young, inexperienced, and naturally felt diffident and nervous; in fact, I was willing that any disposition should be made of the case so I could be rid of it. I was ready to adopt any suggestion of the ordeal as soon as possible. Mr. Arnold made an argument in which he criticised my demurrer n a manner that greatly tended to increase my contusion.

"However, I had to make an effort. I said but little, and that in a very 'be wildered manner, and was about to sit down and let the case go by default, as it were, when a tail, homely, loose-jointed man sitting in the bar, whem I had noticed as giving close attention to the case, arose and addressed the court in behalf of the position I had assumed in my feeble argument, making the points so clear that when he closed the court at once sustained my demurrer. I didn't know who my volunteer friend was, but Mr. Arnold got up and attempted to rebuke him for interfering in the matter, when I for The first time heard that he ealimed the privilege of giving a young lawyer a boost when struggling with his firs

ABBY FOLSOM.

[From The Independent.]

Abby Kelly, who died the other day, suffered act a little undeserved repreach in the early days of autisiavery agitation from being confounded with Abby Folsom. Abby Kelly was brought up a quiet Quaker, and was never a ranting school, had no self-restraint, loved to make a noise and sensation, and did not know when she was made fun of. The boys in the rear of the crowd liked the fun of hearing her, and would cry for Abby Folsom, and as it was the boast of the Abolitionists that they had a free platform, they found it almost impossible to keep her from their meetings. She was an intolerable nuisance, and would be heard. But she was a woman of a good deal of wir, and sometimes turned the tables on those who tried to silence her.

On one occasion she became so troublesome to the

On one occasion she became so troublesome to the On one occasion she became so troublesome to the managers of the meeting, that these Abolitionists themselves could stand their "tree platform" no longer, and three of them, Wendell Phillips, his brother-in-law, William A. White, and Oliver Johnson litted her up in the chair in which she had planted herself, and carried her out of the meeting. But she raised her voice above the tunuit, and cried out: "I am more honored than my Master was. He was borne on one ass, and I am borne by three."

A FUNNY INCIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

From The Washington Post.

In the crowd at the President's reception yesterday was a small man with a blond beard and a polka-dos necktie. While waiting for the President to come down stairs one of the buttons of his overcoat became tangled in the black lace trimming of a mantle wo, a by a tall, stately lady. When she moved torward he found himself moving along with the procession. His frantic endeavors to tree himself soon attracted the notice of the President, who could scarcely keep a straight face as he shook hands with the lady, who then swept grandly out of the room, all unconscious of the little man bobbing along behind like a tin can fastened to the tail of a big Newtoundland dog. He enleavored to grasp the President's hand as he passed, but it was no use—the procession moved on. Just outside the East Room he finally treed bimself and returned and shook hands with the President.

THE STORY OF A WIG.

Arto Bairs in The Providence Journal.

The mention of Cambridge reminds nee, although the connection is not very close, how a party of Americans were taken through a European tour last summer by a professor living in that classic town, from whom, it may be well to state, I did not hear this story. In the party was one Mrs. A., in a sort an authorces, who did not have the good fortune to make herself popular with her fellow travellers. One evening several of the company attended the theatre in Paris, and Mrs. A., conspicuously arrayed with a splendor somewhat more youthful than her years warranted, rather rudely insisted in putting terself into the best place. Another lady ventured mildly to protest that Mrs. A. was taking up the room of two, and that she, personally, was very poorly placed, but nothing was effected by this remonstrance. Mrs. A., conspicatous and triumphant, sat and plumed derself in the box, until by some dreadful chance she leaned too tar forward, and down into the box below went the wig with which she was accustomed to cover her scanty locks.

The unhappy woman uttered a shriek and retreated to the back of the box, where she covered her head with a handkerchlef and wept bitterly. Miss B., the lady who had shortly before tried to induce Mrs. A. to be reasonable in her claims on the space in the box, now came gallantiy to the resear. She suppressed

her laughter and began a mental review of her French, so that by the end of the act she telt competent to grapple with the situation in the tongue of the land. Leaning over she managed by calls, coughs, and more or less intelligible exclamations to attract the attention of the gentlemen in the box below. The wig had tallen back of their chairs, so that it was some time before the Frenchmen could comprehend what was the desire of the bright-eyed American lady who, with her face wickedly full of misohnet, was addressing them from the box above. An understanding was at last arrived at, however, and with all the politioness and grace of his nation one of the strange, a elevated the wig on the point of his cane, and in the face of the whole opera house it rose from one tier of boxes to the other. The audience appliated, the unfortunate owner of the head-gear monned in the corner, while with the air of a Goddess of Liberty, who stoops to rescue a nation from a depth of slavery, Miss B, leaned over and secured the truant tresses. The incident is, of course, less tunny in the telling than it was in the acting, but it may be interred that at least for a few days Mrs. A. was somewhat subdued.

BLACKBURN'S ORATORICAL POWERS.

Picked up by The Chicago Beraid.

"Speaking of the colloquial powers of Senator Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky," says First Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson, "I am reminded of a story. When Joe and I wore young tellows we were in school together, and it happened that two of our triends had a falling out and concluded to settle it according to the code, with Joe and myself as seconds. Somehow, Joe had the reputation of being posted on such affairs, and when all arrangements had been completed, and we were on the ground, we gave him full power of direction. We tossed for choice of position, and my side won. The sun was just rising, and it placed my man with his back to it. Joe saw the disadvantage of his principal, and began to do a little talzing for some other airangement. He went into the history of duelling, citing cases and giving statistics; be explained the courtesy of the code; he argued every point of honor, and so en, with such force and continuance that when we finally got ready to resume warlike operations the sun had gone down, and it was so dark that our men couldn't see each other at ten paces. Of course Joe was as much surprised as any of us, but it put an ond to the duel, and our principals never renewed it."

LAMONT AND CLEVELAND.

"After Cleveland came to Albany (said Editor Northrup of The Syracuse Courier to me) he was very much in want of a person to identify men for him. He knew hardly anybody outside of Buffalo; he had not the State in his mind nor the map of it in his eye. Lamont, from humble beginning, had mastered all that topographical and personal knowledge; so Cleveland found him invaluable; he might have found some other man with the same knowledge, but he suited Cleveland the best."

"What is it that makes Lamont strong with Cleveland!"

"Well," said Mr. Northrup, "I suppose you may call it fidelity and discretion, and I may also add, foxiness. Lamont does not impart nor give away anything. He is safe in that respect. He is attached to Cleveland also by reciprocity; the salary of his office I understand to be only \$3.500. He told Cleveland, so we hear at Albany, that he could not come to Washington with his family for that amount of money. Cleveland then ordered to double the salary out of his own pay. The supposition, therefore, is that Lamont receives \$7,000 at present."

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all other blood purifiers.

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